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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Fair Em

1631

Date of first known edition, 1631

[B.M. C. 21., c. 35(6)]

Probable date of staging, 1589-1594

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Fair Em
II

1631



Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXI

Fair Em

1631

The original of this facsimile reprint is in the British Museum, Press-mark C. 21, c. 35(6). It is (or rather was) grouped with other tracts; but, this reproduction completed, the volume has been sent to the binder's for each item to be bound separately. This of course will necessitate a new press-mark. Another copy is in the Dyce bequest at South Kensington.

There exists another undated quarto edition, whether an earlier one or not is unknown.

“Fair Em” was not entered on the Stationers’ Books, but though not published till 1631 the date of staging, according to the title page, was between 1589 and 1594, the period of Lord Strange’s Company.

The play has been most definitely ascribed by some scholars to Shakespeare, an attribution as definitely denied by others. Amongst the former was the late Mr. R. Simpson who, in 1876, with considerable acumen and somewhat forceful and well-nigh convincing argument pointed out that “Fair Em” was a satirical play cleverly masked under the guise of romance; also that Shakespeare was undoubtedly the author, and that as in “The London Prodigal” Robert Greene was the object of attack. The weight of opinion, however, while admitting the satire rejects the ascription of authorship. The student must, however, inform himself on these points by direct reference to the original discussions.

The earliest and only evidence of ascription is found in the well-known lettering of the volume “Shakespeare, Vol. 1.” in the library of Charles II., in which “Fair Em” was grouped with “Mucedorus” (see this volume already issued) and “The Merry Devil of Edmonton” (now in the press).

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the MS. Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy says “it is an excellent reproduction.”

JOHN S. FARMER.



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A Pleasant
COMEDIE
OF
FAIRE EM,
The Millers Daughter of
Manchester.

With the loue of *William the Conqueror.*

As it was sundty times publiquely acted in the
Honourable Citie of London, by the right Ho-
nourable the Lord Strange his Servants.



L O N D O N,
Printed for *John Wright*, and are to be sold at his shop at the
Signe of the Bible in Guilt-spur street without
New-gate. 1631.

A Pleasant Comedie of faire *Em*,
The Millers daughter of Manchester.
With the loue of *William*
the Conquerour.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter *William the Conqueror*: *Marques Lubock*, with a picture:
Mountney: *Mannile*: *Valingford*: and *Duke Dirot*.

Marques. **W**Hat meanes faire Britaines mighty Conqueror
So suddenly to cast away his stafte?

And all in passion to forsake the tilt.

D. Dirot. My Lord, this triumph we solemnise here,
Is of meere loue to your increasing ioyes:
Only expecting cheerefull looks for all.
What sudden pangs then moues your majesty,
To dim the brightness of the day with frownes?

W. Conqueror. Ah, good my Lords, misconster not the cause:
At least, suspect not my displeased browes -
I amorously do beare to your intent:
For thanks and all that you can wish I yeeld.
But that which makes me blush and shame to tell,
Is cause why thus I turne my conquering eyes
To cowards looks and beaten fantasies.

Mountney. Since we are guiltlesse, we the lesse dismay
To see this sudden change possesse your cheere:
For if it issue from your owne conceits,
Bred by suggestion of some eniuious thoughts:
Your highnesthe wisdome may suppress it straight.
Yet tell vs (good my Lord) what thought it is,
That thus bereaues you of your late content,
That in aduise we may assist your Grace.
Or bend our forces to reuive your spirits.

W. Con. Ah *Marques Lubock*, in thy power it lyes
To rid my bosome of these thralled dumps:
And therefore, gooē my Lords forbear a while,
That we may parley of these priuate cares,

The Millers daughter

Whose strength subdues me more than all the world.

Walingford. We goe and wish thee priuate conference,
Publike affects in this accustomed peace.

Exit all but William and the Marques.

William. Now Marques must a Conqueror at armes
Disclose himselfe thrald to vnaarmed thoughts,
And threatned of a shaddow, yeld to lust :
No sooner had my sparkling eyes beheld
The flames of beautie blasing on this peece,
But suddenly a sence of myracle
Imagined on thy louely Maistres face,
Made mee abandon bodily regard,
And cast all pleasures on my wounded soule :
Then gentle Marques tell me what she is,
That thus thou honourest on thy wailike shield :
And if thy loue and interest be such,
As iustly may giue place to mine,
That if it be : my soule with honors wings
May fly into the bosome of my deare.
If not, close them and stoope into my graue.

Marques. If this be all renowned Conqueror :
Aduance your drooping spirits, and reuiue
The wonted courage of your Conquering minde,
For this faire picture painted on my shield
Is the true counterfeit of louely Blanch
Princes and daughter to the King of Danes :
Whose beautie and excesse of ornaments
Deserues another manner of defence,
Pompe and high person to attend her state.
Than Marques Lubeck any way presents :
Therefore her vertues I resigne to thee,
Alreadie shridn in thy religious brest,
To be aduanced and honoured to the full.
Nor beare I this an argument of loue :
But to renowne faire Blanch my Soueraignes Childe,
In euerie place where I by armes may doe it.

William

of Manchester.

William. Ah Marques, thy words bring heauen vnto my soule,
And had I heauen to giue for thy reward,
Thou shouldest be thronde in no vnworthy place,
But let my vttermost wealth suffice thy worth,
Which here I vowe, and to aspire the blisse
That hangs on quicke atchiuement of my loue,
Thy selfe and I will trauell in disguise,
To bring this Ladie to our Brittaine Court

Marques. Let William but bethinke what may auayle,
And let mee die if I dettie my ayde.

William. Then thus: The Duke Dior and th' Earle Dimach
Will I leaue substitutes to rule my Realme;
While mightie loue forbids my being here,
And in the name of Sir Robert of Windsor,
Will goe with thee vnto the Danish Court.
Keepes William's secrets Marques if thou loue him.
Bright Blaunch I come, sweet fortune fauour me,
And I will laud thy name eternally.

Exeunt.

Enter the Miller and Em his daughter.

Miller. Come daughter we must leарne to shake off pompe.
To leaue the state that earst beseemd a Knight,
And gentleman of no meane discent,
To vndertake this homely millers trade:
Thus must we maske to saue our wretched liues,
Threatned by Conquest of this haplesse Ile:
Whose sad invasions by the Conqueror,
Haue made a number such as we subiect
Their gentle neckes vnto their stubborne yoke,
Of drudging labour and base pesantrie.
Sir Thomas Goddard now old Goddard is,
Goddard the Miller of faire Manchester.
Why should not I content me with this state?
As good Sir Edmund Trofford did the flajle.
And thou sweet Em must stoope to high estate.
To ioyne with mine that thus we may protect

A. 3.

Out.

The Millers daughter

Our hamelesse liues, which led in greater port
Would be an enuious obiect to our foes,
That seeke to root all Britaines Gentrie
From bearing countenance against their tyrannie.

Em. Good Father let my full resolued thoughts,
With settled patience to support this chance
Be some poore comfort to your aged soule:
For therein rests the height of my estate,
That you are pleased with this deiction,
And that all toyles my hands may vndertake,
May serue to worke your worthines content.

Miller, Thankes my deere daughter: these thy pleasant words
Transfer my soule into a second heauen:
And in thy settled minde, my ioyes consist,
My state reviued, and I in former plight.

Although our outward pomp be thus abased,
And thralde to drudging, staylesse of the world,
Let vs retaine those honourable mindes
That lately gouerned our superior state.
Wherein true gentrie is the only meane,
That makes vs differ from base millers borne:
Though we expect no knightly delicates,
Nor thirst in soule for former soueraigntie.
Yet may our mindes as highly scorne to stoope
To base desires of vulgars worldliness,
As if we were in our preſent way.
And louely daughter, ſince thy youthfull yeares
Must needs admit as young affections:
And that ſweet loue vnpartiall perceiues
Her dainie subiects through every part,
In chiefe receiue these leſons from my lips,
The true discouerers of a Virgins due
Now requisite, now that I know thy minde
Something enclinde to fauour *Mannils* ſure,
A gentleman, thy Louer in protest:
And that thou maist not be by loue deſciued,

But

of Manchester.

But try his meaning fit for thy desert,
In pursuit of all amorous desires,
Regard thine honour. Let not vehement sighes
Nor earnest vowes importing feruent loue;
Render thee subiect to the wrath of lust:
For that transformed to former sweet delight,
Will bring thy body and thy soule to shame.
Chaste thoughts and modest conuersations,
Of proose to keepe out all inchaunting vowes,
Vaine sighes, forst teares, and pittifull aspe&ts,
Are they that make deformed Ladies faire,
Poore wretch, and such inticing men,
That seeke of all but onely present grace,
Shall in perseuerance of a Virgins due
Prefer the most refusers to the choyce
Of such a soule as yeelded what they thought.
But hoe: where is Trotter?

*Here enters Trotter the Millers man to them: and they
within call to him for their grist.*

Trotter. Wheres Trotter? why Trotter is here.
Yfaith, you and your daughter go vp and downe weeping,
And wamenting and keeping of a wamentation,
As who should say, the Mill would goe with your wamenting.

Miller. How now Trotter? why complainest thou so?
Trotter. Why yonder is a company of young men and maidis
Keepe such a stir for their grist, that they would haue it before
My stones be readie to grindit. But yfaith, I would I coulde
Breake winde enough backward: you should not tarrie for your
Grist I warrant you.

Miller. Content thee Trotter, I will go pacifis them.

Here he ta-
keth Em a-
t out the neck.

Trotter. Iwis you will when I cannot. Why looke,
You haue a Mill. Why whats your Mill without mee?
Or rather Mistres, what were I without you?

Em. Nay Trotter, if you fall a chiding, I will giue you ouer.

Trotter. I chide you dame to amend you.
You are too faire to be a Millers daughter:

For

The Millers daughter

For if you should but stoope to take vp the tole dish
You will haue the crampe in your finger
At least ten weekes after.

Miller. Ah well said Trotter, teach her to play the good huswife
And thou shal haue her to thy wife, if thou canst get her good wil.

Trotter. Ah words wherein I see Matrimonie come loaden
With kisses to salute me: Now let me alone to pick the mill,
To fill the hopper, to take the tole, to mend the sailes,
Yea, and to make the mill to goe with the verie force of my loue.

Here they must call for their grift within.

Trotter. I come, I come, yfaith now, you shall haue your grift
Or else Trotter Will trot and amble himselfe to death.

They call him againe. Exit.

*Enter king of Denmarke, with some attendants, Blanch his
daughter, Mariana, Marques Luebeck, William
disguised.*

King of Denmarke. Lord Marques Luebecke welcome home,
Welcome braue Knight vnto the Denmarke King:
For William's sake the noble Norman Duke,
So famous for his fortunes and successe,
That graceth him with name of Conqueror:
Right double welcome must thou be to vs.

Rob. Windsor. And to my Lord the King shall I recount
Your graces courteous entertainment,
That for his sake vouchsafe to honour me
A simple Knight attendant on his grace.

King Den. But say Sir Knight, what may I call your name?
Robert Windsor. Robert Windsor and like your maestic.

King Den. I telkthee Robert, I so admire the man,
As that I count it hainous guilt in him

That honours not Duke William with his heart.

Blanch. Bid this straunger welcome, good my girle.

Blanch. Sir, should I neglect your highnes charge herein,
It might be thought of base discourtesie.
Welcome Sir Knight to Denmarke heartily.

Robert.

of Manchester.

Ro. Windsor. Thanks gentle Ladie, Lord Marques, what is she?

Lubeck. That same is Blanch daughter to the King,
The substance of the shadow that you saw.

Rob. Windsor. May this be shee, for whom I crost the Seas?
I am ashamed to think I was so fond,
In whom there's nothing that contents my minde,
Ill head, worse featurde, vncomly, nothing courtly,
Swart and ill fauoured, a Colliers sanguine skin.
I neuer saw a harder fauour'd Slut.

Loue her? for what? I can no whit abide her.

King of Denmark. *Mariana.* I haue this day receiued letters
From Sweihia, that lets me vnderstand,
Your ransome is collecting there with speed,
And shortly shall be hither sent to vs.

Mariana. Not that I finde occasion of mislike
My entertainment in your graces court,
But that I long to see my natvie home.

King Den. And reason haue you Madam for the same?
Lord Marques I commit vnto your charge
The entertainment of Sir Robert here,
Let him remaine with you within the Court
In solace and disport, to spend the time.

Exit King of Denmark.

Robert Wind. I thank your highnes, whose bounden I remaine,
Blanch speakest this secretly at one end of the stage.
Vnhappie Blanch, what strange effects are these
That workes within my thoughts confusedly?
That still me thinkes affection drawes me on
To take, to like, nay more to loue this knight.

Robert Wind. A modest countenance, no heauie sullen looke,
Not very faire, but richly deckt with fauour:
A sweet face, an exceeding daintie hand:
A body were it framed of wax
By all the cunning Artists of the world
It could not better be proportioned.

Lubeck. How now Sir Robert? in a studie man?

The Miller's daughter

Here is no time for contemplation.

Robert Windſer. My Lord there is a certayne odd conceit,
Which on the ſudden greatly troubles me.

Lubbeck. How like you Blaunch? I partly do perceiue
The little boy hath played the wag with you.

Sir Robert. The more I looke the more I loue to looke.
Who ſayes that Mariana is not faire?

Ile gage my gauntlet againſt the eniuious man;
That dares auow there liueth her compare.

Lubbeck. Sir Robert, you miſtake your counterfeiit.
This is the Lady which you came to ſee.

Sir Robert. Yea my Lord: She is counterfeiit in deed:
For there is the ſubſtance that beſt contents me.

Lubbeck. That is my loue. Sir Robert you do wrong me.

Robert. The better for you Sir, ſhe is your Loue,
As for the wrong, I ſee not how it growes.

Lubbeck. In ſeeking that which is another's right.

Robert. As who ſhould ſay your loue were priuileged
That none might looke vpon her but your ſelfe.

Lubbeck. These iarres becomes not our familiaritie,
Nor will I stand on termes to moue your patience.

Robert. Why my lord am not I of flesh & bloud as well as you?
Then give me leauē to loue as well as you.

Lubbeck. To loue Sir Robert? but whom? not ſhe I loue?
Nor stands it with the honour of my ſtate,
To brooke corriuals with me in my loue.

Robert. So Sir, we are thorough for that L.
Ladies farewell. Lord Marques, will you go?
I will finde a time to ſpeak with her I trow?

Lubbeck. With all my heart. Come Ladies wil you walke? *Exiſt.*

Enter Manuile alone disguised.

Manuile. Ah Em the ſubiect of my reſleſſe thoughts,
The Anuyle whereupon my heart dōth beat;
Framing thy ſtate to thy deſert,
But ill this life becomes thy heauenly looke,
Wherein ſweet loue and vertue ſits enthroned.

Exiſt.

of Manchester.

Bad world, where riches is esteemed aboue them both,
In whose base eyes nought else is bountifull.
A Millers daughter saies the multitude,
Should not be loued of a gentleman.
But let them breath their soules into the ayre :
Yet will I still affect thee as my selfe.
So thou be constant in thy plighted vew,
Burthere comes one, I will listen to his talke,

Enter Valingford at another dore, disguised.

Valingford. Goe William Conqueror and seeke thy loue.
Seekethou a mynion in a forren land
Whilest I draw backe and court my loue at home,
The Millers daughter of faire Manchester
Hath bound my feet to this delightsome soyle :
And from her eyes do dart such golden beames,
That holds my heart in her subiection.

Mannile staies
hiding him-
self.

Mannile, He ruminates on my beloued choyce :
God grant he come not to preuent my hope.
But heres another, him yle listen to.

Enter Mountney disguised at another dore.

L. Mountney. Nature vniust, in vtterance of thy art,
To grace a pesant with a Princes fame :
Pesant am I so to mis-terme my loue
Although a Millers daughter by her birth :
Yet may her beautie and her vertues well suffice
To hide the blemish of her birth in hell,
Where neither eniuious eyes nor thought can pierce,
But endlesse darknesse euer sinother it.
Goe William Conqueror and seeke thy loue,
Whilest I draw backe and court mine owne the while :
Decking her body with such costly robes
As may become her beauties worthiness,
That so thy labours may be laughed to scorne,
And she thou seekest in forraine regions,
Be darkned and eclipsit when she arrives,
By one that I haue chosen beerer home.

The Miller's daughter

Mannile. What comes he to, to intercept my loue?
Then hye thee *Alannile* to forestall such foes. *Exit Mannile.*

Mountney. What now Lord *Valingford* are you behinde?

The king had chosen you to goe with him.

Valingford. So chose he you, therefore I maruell much.

That both of vs should linger in this sort.

What may the king imagine of our stay?

Mountney. The king may iustly think we are to blame,

But I imagin'd I might well be spared.

And that no other man had borne my minde.

Valingford. The like did I: in frendship then resolute

What is the cause of your vnlookt for stay?

Mountney. Lord *Valingford* I tell thee as a friend,

Loue is the cause why I haue stayed behind.

Valingford. Loue my Lord? of whom?

Mountney *Em* the millers daughter of Manchester.

Valingford. But may this be?

Mountney. Why not my Lord? I hope full well you know.

That loue respects no difference of state.

So beautie serue to stir affection.

Valingford. But this it is that makes me wonder most,

That you and I should be of one conceit

In such a strange unlikely passion.

Mountney. But is that true? my Lord? I hope you do but iest.

Valingford. I would I did: then were my grieve the lesse.

Mountney. Nay never grieve: for if the cause be such

To ioyne our thoughts in such a Sympathy:

All enuie set aside: let vs agree

To yeeld to eithers fortune in this choyce.

Valingford. Content say I, and what so ere befall,

Shake hands my Lord and fortune thriue at all. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Em*, and *Trotter* the Miller's man with a kerchief on

his head, and an *Urinall* in his hand.

Em. *Trotter* where haue you beeene?

Trotter. Where haue I beeene? why, what signifies this?

Em. A kerchief, doth it not?

Trotter.

of Manchester.

Trotter. What call you this I pray?

Em. I say it is an Vrinall.

Trotter. Then this is mystically to give you to understand
I haue beeue at the Phisnicaries house.

Em. How long hast thou beeue sicke?

Trotter. Yfaith, evien as long as I haue not beeue halfe well,
And that hath beeue a long time.

Em. A loytering time I rather imagine. (help me.)

Trot. It may bee so: but the Phisnicary tels mee that you can

Em. Why, any thing I can doe for recouerie of thy health
Be right well assured of.

Trot. Then give me your hand.

Em. To what end.

Trot. That the ending of an old indeuure
Is the begining of a new bargaine.

Em. What bargaine?

Trot. That you promised to doe any thing to recouer my health.

Em. On that condition I give thee my hand.

Trot. Ah sweet Em. *Here he offers to kisse her.*

Em. How now Trot? your masters daughter?

Trot. Yfaith I aime at the fairest,

Ah Em. sweet Em; fresh as the flower:

That hath power to wound my hart.

And ease my smart, of me poore theefe,

In prison bound.

Em. So all your rime lies on the ground.

But what meaneſt this?

Trot. Ah marke the deuise,

For thee my loue full sicke I was, in hazard of my life

Thy promise was to make me whole, and for to be my wife.

Let mee inioy my loue my deere,

And thou possesse thy Trotter here.

Em. But I meant no ſuch matter.

Trot. Yes woos but you did, Ile goe to our Parson Sir Iohn,

And he ſhall numble vp the marriage out of hand.

Em. But here comes one that will forbide the Banes.

The Millers daughter

Here Entereth Mannile to them

Trotter. Ah Sir you come too late.

Mannile. What remedie Trotter.

Em. Goe Trotter, my father calleth.

Trotter. Would you haue me goe in, and leaue you two here?

Em. Why, darest thou not trust me?

Trotter. Yes faith, euen as long as I see you.

Em. Goe thy waies I pray thee hartily.

Trotter. That same word (hartily) is of great force.

I will goe : but I pray sir, beware you

Come not too neare the wench. *Exit Trotter.*

Mannile. I am greatly beholding to you.

Ah M^ristres, sometime I mitgh haue said my loue,

But time and fortune hath bereaued me of that,

And I am abieet in these gratiouse eyes

That with remorse earst law into my griefe,

May sit and sigh the sorrowes of my heart.

Em. In deed my *Mannile* hath some cause to doubt,

When such a swaine is riuall in his loue,

Mannile. Ah *Em.*, were he the man that causeth this mistrust,

I should esteeme of thee as at theefirst.

Em. But is my loue in earnest all this while?

Mannile. Beleeue me *Em.*, it is not time to iest
When others ioyes, what lately I possest.

Em. If touching loue my *Mannile* charge me thus?

Vnkindly must I take it at his hands,

For that my conscience ciceres me of offence.

Mannile. Ah impudent and shamlesse in thy ill,

That with thy cunning and defraudfull tongue

Seeks to delude the honest meaning minde:

Was never heard in *Manchester* before,

Ostruer loue then hath been betwixt vs twaine :

And for my part how I haue hazarded

Displeasure of my father and my friends

Thy selfe can wenes, yet notwithstanding this:

Two gentlemen ariending on *Duke William*

Mountney and *Valingford*, as I heard them named,

Ost

of Manchester.

Oft times resort to see and to be seene,
Walking the street fast by thy fathers dore,
Whose glauncing eyes vp to windowes cast,
Giuers testies of their Maisters amorous heart.
This *Em* is noted and too much talked on,
Some see it without mistrust of ill.

Others there are that scorning grin thereat,
And saith, there goes the Millers daughters wooers.
Ah me, whom chiefly and most of all it doth concerne
To spend my time in griefe and vex my soule,
To thinke my loue shoud be rewarded thus,
And for thy sake abhorre all women kind.

Em. May not a maid looke vpon a man
Without suspitious judgement of the world?

Manuile. If sight doe moue offence, it is the better not to see.
But thou didst more vncertain as thou art,
For with them thou hadst talke and conference.

Em. May not a maid talke with a man without mistrust?

Manuile. Not with such men suspected amorous.

Em. I grieue to see my *Manuiles* ielousie.

Manuile. Ah *Em*, faithfull loue is full of ielousie,
So did I loue thee true and faithfully,
For which I am rewarded most vnthankfully.

Exit in a rage, Manet Em.

And so away? what in displeasure gone?
And left me such a bitter sweet to gnaw vpon?
Ah *Manuile*, little wottest thou,
How neare this parting goeth to my heart.
Vncourteous loue whose followers reaps reward,
Of hate disdaine, reproach and infamie,
The fruit of frantick, bedlame ielousie.

Here enters Mountney to Em.

But here comes one of these suspitious men:
Witnes my God without desert of me:
For onely *Manuile* honor I in heart:
Nor shall ynkinessse cause me from him to sterte.

The Miller's daughter

Mountney. For this good fortune, Venus be thou blest,
To meet my loue, the mistres of my heart,
Where time and place giues opportunitie
At full to let her understand my loue.
He turns to Em& offer to take her by the hand, & she goes from him.
Faire mistres, since my fortune sort so well:
Hearre you a word. What meaneth this?
Nay stay faire Em.

Em. I am going homewards, Sir:

Mountney. Yet stay (sweet loue) to whom I must disclose
The hidden secrets of a louers thoughts,
Not doubting but to finde such kinde remorse
As naturally you are inclined to.

Em. The Gentleman your friend Sir,
I haue not seeng him this fourte dayes at the least.

Mountney. whats that to mee? I speake not (sweet) in person of
But for my selfe, whom if that loue deserue (my friend,
To haue regard being honourable loue:
Not base affeets of loose lasciuious loue,
Whom yonthfull Wantons play and dally With:
But that Vnites in honourable bands of holy rytes,
And knits the sacred Knot that Gods. *Here Em cuts him off.*

Em. What meane you sit to keepe me here so long?
I cannot understand you by your signes,
You keepe a pratling with your lips,
But neuer a word you speake that I can heare.

Mountney. What is she deafe? a great impediment.
Yet remedies there are for such defects.
Sweet Em, it is no little griefe to mee,
To see where nature in her pride of Art
Hath wrought perfections rich and admirable.

Em. Speake you to me Sir?
Mountney. To thee my onely ioy.

Em. I cannot heare you.

Mountney. Oh plague of fortune: Oh hell without compare.
What boots it vs to gaze and not enjoy?

Em.

of Manchester.

Em. Fare you Well Sir.

Exit Em. Mante Mountney.

Moanney. Fare well my loue Nay farewell lise and all
Could I procure redresse for this infirmitie,
It might be meanes shee would regard my suit.

I am acquainted with the Kings Physitions:

Amongst the which there's one mine honest friend,

Seignior *Alberto*, a very learned man,

His iudgment will I haue to help this ill.

Ah *Em*, faire *Em*, if art can make thee whole:

Ile Buy that sense for thee, although it cost me deare.

But *Mountney*: stay, this may be but deceit,

A matter fained onely to delude thee.

And not vnlike, perhaps by *Valingford*,

He loues faire *Em* as well as I.

As well as I? ah no, nor halfe so well.

Put case, yet may he be thine enemie,

And giue her counsell to disseimble thus.

Ile try the event and if it fall out so;

Friendship farewell: Loue makes me now a foe. *Exit Mountney.*

Enter Marques Lubeck, and Mariana.

Mariana. Trust me my Lord, I am sorry for your hurt.

Lubeck. Gramercie Madam: but it is not great:

Only a thrust, prickt with a Rapiers point.

Mariana. How grew the quarrell my Lord?

Lubeck. Sweet Ladie, for thy sake.

There was this last night two masks in one company.

My selfe the formost: The other strangers were: (sures,

Amongst the which, when the Musickle began to sound the Mea-

Each Masker made choice of his Ladie:

And one more forward then the rest stopt towards thee:

Which I perceiving thrust him aside, and tooke thee my selfe.

But this was taken in so ill part,

That at my comming out of the court gate, with iustling together,

It was my chance to be thrust into the arme.

The doer thereof because he was the originall cause of the disorder

At that inconuenient time, was presently committed,

C

And

The Miller's daughter.

Here enters Sir Robert of Windsor with Gaylor.
And is this morning sent for to answer the matter:
And I think here he comes. What Sir Robert of Windsor how now?

Sir Robert. Ifaith my Lord a prisoner: but what ailes your arm?

Lubbeck. Hurt the last night by mischance.

Sir Robert. What, not in the maske at the Court gate?

Lubbeck. Yes trust me there.

Sir Rob. Why then my Lord I thank you for my nights lodging.

Lubbeck. And I you for my hurt, if it were so;

Keeper awaie, I discharge you of your prisoner. Exit the Keeper.

Sir Rob. Lord Marques, you offered me disgrace to shouder me.

Lubbeck. Sir I knew you not, and therefore you must pardon me,

And the rather it might be alledged to me of

Meere simplicitie, to see another dance with my Mistris

Disguised, and I my selfe in presence: but seeing it

Was our hap to damnifie each other unwillingly,

Let vs be content with our harmes,

And lay the fault where it was, and so become friends.

Sir Robert. Yfaith I am content with my nights lodging

If you be content with your hurt.

Lubbeck. Not content that I haue it, but content

To forget how I came by it.

Sir Robert. My Lord, here comes Ladie Blanch, lets away.

Enter Blanch.

Lubbeck. With good will, Ladie you will stay?

Exit Lubbeck and Sir Robert.

Mariana. Madam.

Blanch. Mariana, as I am grieved with thy presence:

So am I not offended for thy absence,

And were it not a breach to modestie,

Thou shouldest know before I left thce.

Mariana. How neare is this humor to madnesse?

If you hold on as you begin, you

are in a pretie way to scolding.

Blanch. To scolding huswife?

Mariana. Madam here comes one.

Here enters one with a letter.

Blanch.

of Manchester.

Blaunch. There doth indeed. Fellow wouldest thou haue any thing with any body here?

Messenger. I haue a letter to deliuer to the Ladie Mariana.

Blaunch. Giue it me.

Messenger. There must none but shee haue it.

Blaunch snatches the letter from him, ~~and~~ *Exit messenger.*

Go to foolish fellow.

And therefore to ease the anger I sustaine,
Ile be so bold to open it, whatshere?

Sir Robert greets you well?

Your Maiestries, his loue, his life; Oh amorous man,
How he entertaines his new Maiestres;
And bestowes on Lubeck his odde friend
A horne night cap to keepe in his wit.

Mariana. Madam though you haue discourteously
Read my letter, yet I pray you giue it me.

Blaunch. Then take it there, and there, and there.

She tears it *Exit Blaunch.*

Mariana. How far doth this differ from modestie:
Yet will I gather vp the peeces, which haply
May shew to me the intent therof
Though not the meaning.

She gathers vp the peeces and ioynes them.

Mariana. Your seruant and loue sir Robert of Windsor
Alius William the Conqueror, wisheth long health and happiness.
Is this William the Conqueror, shrouded vnder
The name of sir Robert of Windsor?
Were he the Monarch of the world
He shouldest not dispossesse Lubeck of his loue.
Therefore I will to the Court, and there if I can
Close to be freinds with Ladie Blaunch,
And thereby keepe Lubeck my loue for my selfe:
And further the Ladie Blaunch in her loue as much as I may. *Exit.*

Enter Em solus.

Em. Ielouise that sharps the louers sight,
And makes him conceiue and conster his intent.

The Millers daughter

Hath so bewitched my louely *Manuils* sences,
That he misdoubts his *Em* that loues his soule,
He doth suspect corruials in his loue:
Which how vntreue it is be iudgmy God.
But now no more: Here comemeth *Valingford*:
Shift him off haw, as you hast done the other. Enter *Valingford*.

Valingf. See how Fortune presents me with the hope I looke for.
Faire *Em*!

Em. Who is that?

Valingf. I am *Valingford* thy loue and friend.

Em. I cry you mercie Sir: I thought so by your speech.

Valingf. What aileth thine eyes?

Em. Oh blinde Sir, blind, striken blinde by mishap on a sudden.

Valingf. But is it possible you should be taken on such a sudden;
Infortunate *Valingford* to be thus crost in thy loue.

Faire *Em*, I am not a little sorrie to see this thy hard hap:

Yet neuert helesse, I am acquainted with a learned Physician,
That will do any thing for thee at my request.

To him will I resore, and enquire his iudgement,

As concerning the recouerie of so excellent a sence.

Em. O Lord Sir: and of all things, I cannot abide Physicke;
The verie name thereof to me is odious.

Valingford. No; not the thing will doe thee so much good?

Sweet *Em*, hither I came to parley of loue;

Hoping to haue found thee in thy woonted prosperitic.

And haue the gods so vnierticly thwarted my expectation,

By dealing so sinisterly with thee sweet *Em*?

Em. Good sir, no more, it firs not me

To haue respect to such vaine fantasies

As idle loue presents my eares withall,

More reason I should ghostly giue my selfe,

To sacred prayers, for this my former sinnerie,

For which this plague is iustly fallen vpon me,

Than to harken to the vanities of loue.

Valingford. Yet sweet *Em* accept this jewel at my hand,

Which I bestow on shee in token of my loue.

Em.

of Manchester.

Em. A jewell sir, what pleasure can I haue
In jewels, treasure, or any worldly thing
That want my sighte that should discerne thereof?
Ah sir I must leaue you. The paine of mine eyes is so extreme,
I cannot long stay in a place. I take my leaue. *Exit Em.*

Valingford. Zounds, what a crosse is this to my concit;
But *Valingford*, search the depth of this deuise.
Why may not this be fained subtiltie,
By *Mountneyes* iuention, to the intent
That I seeing such occasion should leaue off my suit,
And not any more persist to solicite her of loue?
Ile trie the cuent, if I can by any meanes perceiue
The effect of this deceit to be procured by his meanes,
Friend *Mountney* the one of vs is like to repent our bargain. *Exit.*

Enter *Mariana* and *Marques Lubeck*.

Lubeck. Ladie, since that occasion forward in our good
Presenteth place and opportunitie:
Let me intreat your woonted kind consent
And freindly furtherance in a suit I haue.

Mariana. My Lord you know you need not to intreat,
But may command *Mariana* to her power
Be it no impeachment to my honest fame.

Lubeck. Free are my thoughts from such base villanie,
As may in question, Ladie, call your name:
Yet is the matter of such consequence,
Standing vpon my honorable credir,
To be effected with such zeale and secrerie,
As should I speake and faile my expectation.
It would redound greatly to my prejudice.

Mariana. My Lord wherein hath *Mariana* giuen you occasion
That you should mistrust or else be icalous of my secrerie?

Lubeck. *Mariana*, do not misconster of me:
I not mistrust thee, nor thy secrerie,
Nor let my loue misconster my intent,
Nor thinke thereof but well and honourable

The Millers daughter

Thus stands the case: Thou knowest from England
Hither came with me *Robert of Windsor*, a noble man at Armes,
Lustie and valiant, in spring time of his yeares,
No maruell then though he proue amorous.

Mariana, true my Lord, he came to see faire *Blanch*.

Lubeck, No *Mariana*, that is not it.

His loue to *Blanch* was then extinct

When first he saw thy face

Tis thee he loues: yea, thou art onely shee

That is maistris and commander of his thoughts.

Mariana, Well, well, my Lord, I like you, for such drifts

Put silly Ladie often to their shiffts,

Oft haue I heard you say, you loued me well:

Yea, sworne the same, and I beleaved you to.

Can this be found an action of good faith,

Thus to dissemble where you found true loue?

Lubeck, *Mariana*, I not dissemble on mine honor:

Nor failes my faith to thee. But for my friend,

For princely *William*, by whom thou shalt possesse

The title of estate and Maiestie,

Fitting shy loue and vertues of thy minde,

For him I speake, for him do I intreat,

And with thy fauour fully do resigne

To him the claime and interest of my loue.

Sweet *Mariana* then denie mee not.

Loue *William*, loue my friend and honour mee

Who else is cleane dishonoured by thy meanes.

Mariana, Borne to mishap, my selfe am onely shee

On whom the Sunne of fortune never shined:

But Planets rulde by retrogarde aspect,

Foretold mine ill in my nativitie.

Lubeck, Sweet Ladie cease, let my intreatie serue

To pacifie the passion of thy griefe,

Which well I know proceeds of ardent loue.

Mariana, But *Lubeck* now regards not *Mariana*.

Lubeck, Euen as my life, so loue I *Mariana*.

Mariana

of Manchester.

Mariana. Why do you post me to another then? *tooynb*

Lubeck. He is my friend, and I do loue the man. *innes*

Mariana. Then will Duke William rob me of my loue?

Lubeck. No as his life. Mariana he doth loue.

Mariana. Speake for your selfe my Lord let him alone.

Lubeck. So do I Madam, for he and I am one.

Mariana. Then louing you I do content you both.

Lubeck. In louing him you shall content vs both.

Me, for I craue that fauour at your hands:

He for hopes that comfort at your hands.

Mariana. Leue of my lord, here comes the Ladie Blanch.

Enter Blanch to them.

Lubeck. Hard hap to breake vs of our talkes so soone,

Sweet Mariana, doe remember me.

Exit Lubeck.

Mariana. Thy Mariana cannot chuse but remember thee.

Blanch. Mariana well met, you are verie forward in your loue?

Mariana. Madam be it in secret spoken to your selfe,

If you will but follow the complot I haue inuented.

You will not think me so forward.

As your selfe shall proue fortunate.

Blanch. As how?

Mariana. Madam as thus: It is not unknowen to you

That Sir Robert of Windsor,

A man that you do not little esteeme,

Hath long importuned me of loue:

But rather then I will be founde false.

Or vniust to che. Marques Lubeck;

I will as did the constant ladie Penelope,

Vndertake to effect some great taske.

Blanch. What of all this?

Mariana. The next time that Sir Robert shall come,

In his woonted sort to sollicit me with loue,

I will seeme to agree and like of any thing,

That the Knight shall demaund, so far forth

As it be no impeachment to my chastitie,

And to conclude; point some place for to meet the man,

For

The Millers daughter

For my conueyance from the Denmarke Courte;
Which determined vpon; he will appoynt some certaine time
For our departure: whereof you hauing intelligence,
You may soone set downe a place to weare the English Crowne.
And thene godis grace and your goodnesse

Blanch. What then?

Mariana. If Sir Robert proue a King and you his Queene
How then?

Blanch. Were I assured of the one, as I am perswaded
Of the other, there were some possibilitie in it.
But here comes the man.

Mariana. Madam begon and you shall see

I will work to your desire and my content. *Exit Blanch.*

William. Com. Lady this is well and happily met,
Fortune hetherto hath beene my foe,
And though I haue oft sought to speake with you,
Yet still I haue beeene crost with sinistre haps.
I cannot Madam tell a louting tale
Or court my Maistres with fabulous discourses,
That am a souldier sworne to follow armes:
But this I bluntly let you understand,
I honour you with such religious zeale
As may become an honorable minde.
Nor may I make my loue the siege of Troy
That am a stranger in this Countrey.
First what I am, I know you are resolued,
For that my friend hath let you that to understand,
The Marques Lubbeck, to whom I am so bouud,
That whilest I liue I count me onely his.

Mariana. Surely you are beholding to the Marques,
For he hath beene an earnest spokes man in your cause.

William. And yeelds my Ladie then as his request
To grace Duke William with her gracious loue;

Mariana. My Lord I am a prisoner, and had it were
To get me from the Court.

William. An easie matter to get you from the Court.

If

of Manchester.

If case that you will thereto giue consent.

Mariana. But case I shoule, how would you vse me then?

William. Not otherwise but well and honorably.

I haue at Sea a ship that doth attend,

Which shall forthwith conduct vs into England,

Where when we are, I straight will marrie thee.

We may not stay deliberating long

Leaft that suspition, eniuious of our weale

Set in a foot to hinder our pretence.

Mariana. But this I thinke were most conuenient

To maske my face the better to scape vnknowinge.

William. A good devise: till then, Farwell faire loue.

Mariana. But this I must intreat your grace,

You would not seek by lust vnlawfully

To wrong my chaste determinations.

William. I hold that man most shamelesse in his sinne

That seekes to wrong an honest ladies name

Whom he thinkes worthy of his marriage bed.

Mariana. In hope your oath is true,

I leaue your grace till the appointed time.

Exit Mariana.

William. O happie William, blessed in thy loue;

Most fortunate in Marianas loue:

Well Lubeck well, this courtesie of thine

I will requite if God permit me life.

Exit.

Enter Valingford and Mountney at two sundrie dores, looking
angrily each on other with Rapiers drawn.

Mountney. Valingford, so hardlie I digest an iniurie

Thou hast profered me, as wer't not that I detest to do what stands

Not with the honor of my name,

Thy death should paie thy ransome of thy fault.

Valingford. And Mountney, had not my reuenging wrath,

Incent with more than ordinarie loue

Beene such for to deprive thee of thy life,

Thou hadst not liued to braue me as thou doest; wretch as thou art,

Wherein hath Valingford offended thee?

D

That

The Millers daughter

That honourable bond which late we did confirme
In presence of the gods,
When with the Conqueror we arriu'd here
For my part hath been kept inviolably
Till now too much abused by thy villanie,
I am inforced to cancell all those bands,
By hating him which I so well did loue.

Mountney. Subtil thou art, and cunning in thy fraud,
That giuing me occasion of offence,
Thou pickst a quarrell to excuse thy shame.
Why *Valingford*, was is not enough for thee,
To be a riuall twixt me and my loue,
But counsell her to my no small disgrace,
That when I came to talke with her of loue,
Shee should seeme deafe, as faining not to heare?

Valingford. But hath shee *Mountney* ysed thee as thou sayest?

Mountney. Thou knowest too well shee hath:
Wherein thou couldest not do me greater iniurie.

Valingford. Then I perceiue we are deluded both:
For when I offered many gifis of Gold and iewels
To entreat for loue, shee hath refused them with a coy disdaine,
Alleging that shee could not see the sunne.
The same coniecuture I to be thy drift,
That sayning so shee might be rid of mee.

Mountney. The like did I by thee. But are not these naturall im-

Valingford. In my coniecture merely counterfeit: (pediments)
Therefore lets joyne hands in friendship once againe,
Since that the iarre grew only by coniecture.

Mountney. With all my heart: Yet lets trye the truth thereof.
Vallif. With right good will. We will straight vnto her father,
And there to learne whether it be so or no.

Exeunt.

*Enter William and Blanch disguised, with a maske
over her face.*

William. Come on my loue the comfort of my life:
Disguised thus we may remaine yknowne,

And

of Manchester.

And get we once to Seas, I force not then,
We quickly shall attaine the English shore.

Blanch. But this I vrge you with your former oath.
You shall not seeke to violate mine honour,
Vntill our marriage rights be all performed.

William. Mariana, here I sweare to thee by heauen,
And by the honour that I bearé to Armes,
Neuer to seeke or craue at hands of thee
The spoyle of honourable chaſtitie
Vntill we do attaine the English coast,
Where thou shalt be my right espoused Queene!

Blanch. In hope your oath proceedeth from your heart,
Lets leaue the Court, and betake vs to his power
That gouernes all things to his mightie will,
And will reward the iust with endlesſe ioye,
And plague the bad with most extreme annoy,
William. Lady as little tariance as we may,
Leaſt ſome miſ-fortune happen by the way.

Exit Blanch and William.

Enter the Miller, his man Trotter, & Manuile.

Miller. I tell you ſir it is no little greefe to mee,
You ſhould ſo hardly concit of my daughter,
Whose honest report, though I ſaiſit,
Was neuer blotted with any title of defamacion.

Manuile. Father *Miller*, the repaire of thoſe gentlemen to your
Hath giuen me great occation to miſlike. (house,

Miller. As for thoſe gentlemen, I neuer ſaw in them
Any euill intreatie. But ſhould they haue profered it,
Her chaste minde hath prooſe enough to preuent it.

Trotter. Those gentlemen are as honest as euer I ſaw:
For y faith one of them gaue me ſix pence
To fetch a quart of ſeck. See master here they come.

Enter Mountney and Valing ford.

Miller. Trotter, call Em, now they are here together,
Ile haue this matter throughly debated, *Exit Trotter,*

Mountney. Father, well met. We are come to conſer with you.

The Millers daughter

Manuile. Nay ; with his daughter rather,
Valingf. Thus it is father, we are come to craue your friendship.

Miller. Gentlemen as you are strangers to me, (in a matter.
Yet by the way of courtesie you shall demand
Any reasonable thing at my hands.

Manuile. What is the matter so forward?
They come to craue his good will?

Valingford. It is giuen vs to understand that your daughter
Is sudenly become both blinde and deafe.

Miller. Mary God for bid : I haue sent for her, in deed.
She hath kept her chamber this thre daisies.
It were no little griefe to me if it should be so.

Manuile. This is Gods judgement for her trecherie.

Enter Trotter leading Em.

Miller. Gentlemen I feare your words are two true :
See where Trotter comes leading of her.
What ayles my Em, not blinde I hope?

Em. Mountney and Valingford born together?
And Manuile, to whom I haue faithfully vowed my loue?
Now Em suddenly helpe thy selfe.

Mountney. This is no desembling Valingford.

Valingford. If it be ; it is cunningly contriued of all sides.

Em. Trotter lend me thy hand,
And as thou louest me keep my counsell.
And iustifie what so euer I saie, and Ile largely requite thee.
Trotter. Ah, that is as much as to saye you would tell a monstrous,
Terrible, horrible, outragious lie,
And I shall sooth it, no berlad y.

Em. My present extremite wills me, if thou loue me Trotter?

Trotter. That same word loue makes me to doe any thing.

Em. Trotter wheres my father?

He thrusts Em upon her father.

Trotter. Why what a blinde dunce are you, can you not see?
He standeth right before you,

Em. Is this my father?
Good father, giue me leaue to sit

Where

of Manchester.

Where I may not be disturbed,
Sith God hath vilited me both of my sight and hearing.

Miller. Tell me sweet Em how came this blindnes.

Thy eyes are louely to looke on,
And yet haue they lost the benefit of their sight.

What a grieve is this to thy poore father?

Em. Good father let me not stand as an open gazing stocke to
But in a place alone as fits a creature so miserable.

Miller. Trotter, lead her in, the vter ouerthrow

Of poore Goddards ioy and onely solace.

Exit the Miller, Trotter and Em.

Mannile. Both blinde and deafe, then is she no wise for me;
And glad am I so good occasion is hapned:

Now will I away to Manchester,

And leaue these gentlemen to their blinde fortune. *Exit Mannile.*

Moynnay. Since fortune hath thus spitefully crost our hope,
Let vs leaue this gues and harken after our King,

Who is at this day landed at Lirpool. *Exit Moynnay.*

Valingford. Goe my Lord, Ile follow you.

Well, now Mountney is gone

Ile stais behind to sollicit my loue;

For I imagine that I shal find this but a fained inuention

Thereby to haue vs leaue off our suits.

Enter Marques Exbeck, and the King of Denmark

Angerly with some attendaunts.

Zweno. K. Well Lubeck well, it is not possible.

But you must be consenting to this act;

Is this the man so highly you extold?

And play a part so hatefull with his friend?

Since first he came with thee into the court

What entertainment and what countenance

He hath receined, none better knowes than thou.

In recompence whereof, he quites me well,

To steale a way faire Mariana my prisoner,

Whose ransome being lately greed vpon,

I am deluded of by this escape.

The Millers daughter

Besides, I know nor how to answer it
When shee shall be demanded home to Swethis.

Lubeck. My gracious Lord conie & tare not I pray
Worser of Lubeck than he doth deserue:
Your highnes knowes *Mariana* was my loue,
Sole paragon and mistres of my thoughts.
Is it likely I should know of her departure,
Wherein there is no man iniured more than I?

Zweno. That carries reason *Marques* I confessie.
Call forth my daughter, yet I am perswaded
That shee poore soule suspected not her going:
For as I heare: shee likewise loued the man,
Which he to blame did not at all regard.

Rocilia. My Lord here is the Princesse *Mariana*:
It is your daughter is conueyed away.

Zweno. What, my daughter gone?
Now *Marques* your villanie breakes foorth.
This match is of your making, gentle sir:
And you shall dearly know the price thereof.

Lubeck. Knew I thereof, or that there was intent
In *Robert* thusto steale your highnes daughter
Let heauens in iustice presently confound me.

Zweno. Not all the protestations thou canst vse,
Shall sauе thy life. Away with him to prison.
And minion, otherwise it cannot be,
But you are an agent in this trecherie.
I will reueuge it throughly on you both.
Away with her to prison. Heres stusse indeed?
My daughter stolen away?
It booteth not thus to disturbe my selfe,
But presently to send to English *William*,
To send me that ptoud knight of Windsor hither,
Here in my Court to suffer for his shapae:
Or at my pleasure to be punished there
Withall, that *Blanch* be sent me home againe,
Or I shall fetch her vnto *Windsors* cost,

Yea,

of Manchester.

Yea, and William too if he denie her mee? Exit Zveno.

Enter William taken with joutdiers.

William. Could any croſſie, could any plague be worse?
Could heauen or hell did both conſpire in one
To afflict my ſoule, invent a greater ſcourge
Than preſently I am tormented with?
Ah Mariana cauſe of my lament:
Joy of my heart, and conforde of my life
For thee I breath my ſorrowes in the ayre,
And tire my ſelfe: for ſilently I ſigh,
My ſorrowes afflicts my ſoule with equall paſſion.

Souldier. Go to firrah, put vp, it is to ſmall purpose.

William. Hence viliaines hence, dare you lay your hands
Vpon your Soueraigne?

Souldier. Well ſir, we will deale for that,
But here comes one will remedie all this.

Enter Demarch.

Souldier. My Lord, watching this night in the campe,
VVe tooke this man, and know not what he is:
And in his companie was a gallant dame,
A woman faire in outward shewe ſhee ſeemd,
But that her face was mask'd we could not ſee
The grace and fauour of her countenance:

Demarch. Tell me good fellow of whence and what thou art.

Souldier. Why do you not answer my Lord?
He takes ſcorne to answer.

Demarch. And takeſt thou ſcorne to answer my demand?
Thy proud behauour very well deserues
This miſdemeanour at the worſt be conſtrued.
Why doest thou neither khow, nor haſt thou heard?
That in the abſence of the Saxon Duke,
Demarch is his especiaſſl Subſtitute
To puniſh thoſe that ſhall offend the lawes.

William. In knowing this, I know thou art a traytor,
A rebeſſ, and mutinous conſpirator.
Why Demarch, knowest thou who I am?

Demarch.

The Millers daughter

Demarch. Pardon my dread Lord the error of my sence,
And misdemeanor to your princely excellencie.

Will. Why Demarch, What is the cause my subiects are in armes?

Demarch. Free are my thoughts my dread and gracious Lord
From treason to your state and common weale,
Only reuengement of a priuate grudge,
By Lord Dirot lately profered me,
That stands not with the honor of my name,
Is cause I haue assembled for my guard
Some men in armes that may withstand his force,
Whose settled malice aymeth at my life.

William. Where is Lord Dirot?

Demarch. In armes, my gracious Lord,
Not past two miles from hence,
As credibly I am ascertained.

William. Well, come, let vs goe,
I feare I shall find traytors of you both.

Exit.

Enter the Citizen of Manchester, and his daughter Elmer,
and Mamile.

Citizen. Indeed sir it would do verie well
If you could intreat your father to come hither:
But if you thinke it be too far,
I care nee much to take horse and ride to Manchester.
I am sure my daughter is content with either:
How layest thou Elmer art thou not?

Elmer. As you shall think best I must be contented.
Mamile. Well Elmer, farewell, only thus much,
I pray make all things in a readines,
Either to serue here or to carry thither with vs.

Citizen. As for that sir take you no care,
And so I betake you to your iournie.

Enter Valingford.

But soſt, what gentleman is this?

Valingf. God speed sir, might a man craue a word or two with you?

Citizen. God forbid else sir, I pray you speake your pleasure.

Valingford. The gentleman that parted from you was he not.

Of

of Manchester.

Of Manchester, his father living there of good account.

Citizen. Yes mary is he sir : why doe you aske ?
Belike you haue had some acquaintance with him.

Valingford. I haue been acquainted in times past,
But through his double dealing,
I am growen werie of his companie.

For be it spoken to you :

He hath been acquainted with a poore millers daughter,
And diuerstimes hath promist her mariage.
But what with his delayes and flouts,
He hath brought her into such a taking,
That I feare me it will cost her her life.

Citizen. To be plaine with you sir :
His father and I haue been of old acquaintance,
And a motion was made,
Betweene my daughter and his sonne,
VVhich is now throughly agreed vpon
Saue onely the place appoynted for the mariage,
Whether it shall be kept here or at Manchester,
And for no other occasion he is now ridden.

Elmer. What hath he done to you ?
That you should speake so ill of the man.

Valingford. Oh gentlewoman I crie you mercie,
He is your husband that shalbe.

Elmer. If I knew this to be true ?
He should not be my husband were he never so good:
And therefore, good father,
I would desire you to take the paines
To beare this gentleman companie to Manchester
To know whether this be true or no.

Citizen. Now trust mee gentleman hee deales with mee werie
Knowing how well I meant to him. (hardly,
But I care not much to ride to Manchester
To know whether his fathers will be
He should deale with me so badly.

Will it please you sir to go in, we will presently take horse & away.

The Miller's daughter

Walingford. If it please you to go in
I'll follow you presently. Exit Elmer and her father.
Now shall I be revenged on Manuile,
And by this meanes get Em to my wife:
And therefore I will straight to her fathers
And informe them both of all that is hapned. Exit.

Enter William, the Ambassador of Denmark,
Demarch, and other attendants.

William. What newes with the Denmark Ambassador?
Ambassador. Mary thus, the King of Denmark & my Soueraigne
Doth send to know of thee what is the cause
That injuriously against the law of armes,
Thou hast stollen away his onely daughter Blanch,
The onely stay and comfort of his life.
Therefore by me he willeth thee to send his daughter Blanch:
Or else forthwith he will leuy such an host,
As soone shall fetch her in despite of thee.

William. Ambassador, this answer I returne thy King.
He willeth me to send his daughter Blanch:
Saying I conuaid her from the Danish court,
That never yet did once as think thereof.
As for his menacing and daunting threats
I will regard him nor his Danish powers:
For if he come to fetch her forth my Realme,
I will prouide him such a banquet here,
That he shall haue small cause to give me thanks.

Ambassador. Is this your answer then?

William. It is, and so be gone.

Ambassador. I goe: but to your cost. Exit Ambassador.
William. Demarch, our subiects easly leuied in ciuill broyles,
Mustred sooth with for to defend the Realme,
In hope whereof that we shall finde you true,
We freely pardon this thy late offence.

Demarch. Most humble thanks I render to your grace.

Exeunt.

Enter

The Millers daughter

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Enter

of Manchester.

Enter the Miller and Valingford.

Mill. Alas gentleman, why should you trouble your selfe so much,
Considering the imperfections of my daughter,
Which is able to with-draw the loue of any man from her,
As alreadie it hath done in her first choyce.

Maister Manuile hath forsaken her,
And at Chester shall be maried to a mans daughter of no little
But if my daughter knew so much : (wealth)
It would goe verieeere her heart I feare me.

Valingf. Father miller : such is the entire affection to your
As no misfortune whatsoeuer can alter. (daughter,
My fellow Mountney thou seest gaue quickly ouer,
But I by reason of my good meaning
Am not so soone to be changed
Although I am borne off with scornes and deniali.

Enter Em to them.

Miller. Trust me sir I know not what to saie,
My daughter is not to be compelled by me,
But here she comes her selfe : speake to her and spare not :
For I never was troubled with loue matters so much before.

Em. Good Lord ! shall I never be rid of this importunate man ?
Now must I dissemble blindnesse againe.
Once more for thy sake *Manuile* thus am I inforced,
Because I shall complete my full resolued minde to thee.

Father where are you ?

Miller. Here sweet *Em*, answer this gentleman
That would so faine enjoy thy loue.

Em. Where are you sir ? will you never leaue
This idle and vaine pursuit of loue ?
Is not England stor'd enough to cootent you ?
But you must still trouble the poore
Contemptible maid of Manchester.

Valingf. None can content me but the faire maid of Manchester.
Em. I perceiue loue is vainly described,
That being blinde himselfe,

The Millers daughter

VVouid haue you likewise twubled with a blinde wife,
Hauing the benefit of your eyes,
But neither follow him so much in follie,
But loue one, in whom you may better delight.

Valingford. Father Miller, thy daughter shall haue honour
By granting mee her loue:
I am a Gentleman of king *Williams* Court,
And no meane man in king *Williams* fauour.

Em. If you be a Lord Sir, as you say:
You offer both your selfe and mee great wrong:
Yours, as apparant in limiting your loue so vnorderly,
For which you rashly endure reprochement:
Mine, as open and euident,
VVhen being shut from the vanities of this world,
You would haue me as an open gazing stock to all the world:
For lust, not loue leades you into this error:
But from the one I will keepe me as well as I can,
And yeeld the other to none but to my father,
As I am bound by dutie.

Valingford. VVhy faire *Em.*, *Mannile* hath forsaken thee;
And must at Chester be married, which,
If I speake otherwise than true,
Let thy father speake what credibly he hath heard.

Em. But can it be *Mannile* will deale so vnkindly,
To reward my justice with such monstrous yngentlenes.
Haue I dissembled for thy sake?
And doest thou now thus requite it?
In deed these many daies I haue not seen him,
Which hath made me maruell at his long absence.
But father, are you assured of the words he speake,
VVerte concerning *Mannile*?

Miller. In sooth daughter, now it is forth,
I must needs confirme it.
Master *Mannile* hath forsaken thee,
And at Chester must be married
To a mans daughter of no little wealth.

His

of Manchester.

His owne father procures it,
And therefore I dare credit it,
And doe thou beleue it,
For trust me daughtet it is so.

Em. Then good father pardon the iniurie,
That I haue done to you only causing your griefe,
By ouer-fond affecting a man so trorhlesse.
And you likewise sir, I pray hold mee excused,
As I hope this cause will allow sufficiently forme :
My loue to *Mannile*, thinking he wou'd require it,
Hath made me double with my father and you,
And many more besides,
Which I will no longer hide from you.
That inticing speeches should not beguile mee,
I haue made my selfe deafe to any but to him.
And leſt any mans person should please mee more than his,
I haue dissembled the want of my sight:
Both which shaddowes of my irrevocable affections,
I haue not spar'd to confirme before him.
My father, and all other amorous solicitors:
VVherewith not made acquainted, I perceiue.
My true intent hath wrought mine owne sorrow.
And seeking by loue to be regarded,
Am cut off with contempt, and despised.

Mil. Tell me sweet *Em.*, haſt thou but fained all this while for
That hath ſo diſcourteouſly forsaken thee. (his loue,

Em. Credit me father I haue told you the troth,
Wherewith I diſire you and Lord *Valingford* not to be diſpleased.
For ought elſe I ſhall ſaie,
Let my preſent grieſe hold mee excuſed.
But may I liue to ſee that vngratefull man
Iuſtly rewarded for his trecherie,
Poore *Em* wou'd think her ſelfe not a little happy.
Fauour my departing at this instant,
For my troubled thought diſires to meditate alone in ſilence.

Exit Em.

The Millers daughter

Valingf. Will not *Em* shew one chearefull looke on *Valingford?*
Miller Alas sir, blanie her not, you see shee hath good cause,
Being so handled by this gentleman:
And so Ile leaue you, and go comfort my poore wench
As well as I may. *Exit the Miller.*
Valingford. Farewell good father. *Exit Valingford.*

*Enter Zweno King of Denmarke with Rosilio,
and other attendants.*

Zweno. Rosilio, Is this the place whereas the Duke *William*
should meeet mee?

Rosilio. It is, and like your grace.

Zweno. Goe captaine away, regard the charge I gaue:
See all our men be martialed for the fight.
Dispose the wards as lately was deuised,
And let the prisoners vnder seuerall gards
Be kept apart vntill you heare from vs.
Let this suffice, you know my resolution,
If *William* Duke of Saxon be the man,
That by his answer sent vs, he would send
Not words but wounds: not parleis but alarms,
Must be decider of this controuersie.

Rosilio, Stay with mee, the rest begone. *Exeunt.*

Enter William, and Demarch with other attendants

William. All but *Demarch* go shroud you out of sight,
For I will goe parley with the Prince my selfe.

Demarch. Should *Zweno* by this parley call you forth,
Upon intent iniuriously to deale:

This offereth too much opportunitie.

William. No, no, *Demarch*, that were a breach
Against the Law of Armes: therefore begone,
And leaue vs here alone. *Exeunt.*

I see that *Zweno* is master of his word.

Zweno. *William* of Saxonie greeteth thee

Either

of Manchester.

Either well or ill, according to thy intent.
If well thou wish to him and Saxonie,
Me bids thee friendly welcome as he can :
If ill thou wish to him and Saxonie,
He must withstand thy malice as he may.

Zweno. William, for other name and title giue I none
To him, who were he worthie of those honours
That Fortune and his predecessors left,
I ought by right and humaine courtesie
To grace his stye with duke of Saxonie.
But for I finde a base degenerate minde,
I frame my speech according to the man,
And not the state that he vnworthie holds.

William. Herein *Zweno* dost thou abase thy state,
To breake the peace which by our auncesters
Hath heretofore been honourably kept.

Zweno. And should that peace foreuer haue been kept,
Had not thy selfe been author of the breach :
Nor stands it with the honour of my state,
Or nature of a father to his childe,
That I should so be robbed of my daughter,
And not vnto the vtmost of my power
Reuenge so intolerable an iniurie.

William. is this the colour of your quarrell *Zweno*?
I well perceiue the wisest mea may erre.
And thinke you I conueied away your daughter *Blanch*?

Zweno. art thou so impudent to deny thou didst
When that the proofof thereof is manifest;

William. What proofof is there?

Zweno. Thine owne confession is sufficient proofof.

William. Did I confess I stole your daughter *Blanch*?

Zweno. Thou didst confess thou hadst a Ladie hence.

William. I haue and do.

Zweno. Why that was *Blanch* my daughter,

William. Nay that was *Mariana*,

VVho wrongfully thou detaineſt prisoner.

Zweno

The Miller's daughter

Zweno. Shamelesse persisting in thy ill,
Thou doest maintaine a manifest vntroth,
As shee shall iustifie vnto thy teeth.
Rosilio, fetch her and the Marques hither.
Exit Rosilio for Mariana.

William. It cannot be I should be so deceiued.
Demarch, I heare this night among the souldiers,
That in their watch they tooke a pensiue Ladie:
Who at the appoyntment of the Lord Dirot is yet in keeping:
What shee is I know not,
Onely thus much I ouer-hard by chance.

William. And what of this?
Demarch. It may be Blanch the King of Denmarkes daughter.
VVilliam. It may be so: but on my life it is not;
Yet Demarch, goe and fetch her straight.

Enter Rosilio with the Marques.

Rosilio. Pleaseth your highnes, here is the Marques and Mariana.
Zweno, See here Duke VVilliam, your competitor,
That were consenting to my daughters scape:
Let them resolute you of the truth herein,
And here I vow and solemnly protest,
That in thy presence they shall lose their heads,
Vnlesse I heare where as my daughter is.

VVilliam. O Marques Linbeck how it grieueth me,
That for my sake thou shouldest indure these bondes.
Be iudge my soule that feelest the martirdome.

Marques. Duke VVilliam, you know it is for your cause,
It please thus the King to misconceive of me,
And for his pleasure doth me iniurie.

Enter Demarch with the Ladie Blanch.

Demarch. May it please your highnesse.
Here is the Ladie you sent me for.
VVilliam. Away Demarch, what tellest thou me of Ladies?

of Manchester.

I so detest the dealing of their sex,
As that I count a louverstate to be the base
And vildest slauerie in the world.

Denech. VVhat humors are these? heres a strange alteration.

Zweno. See *Duke William*, is this *Blanch* or no?

You know her, if you see her I am sure.

William. *Zweno* I was deceived, yea vterly deceived,
Yet this is shee : this same is Ladie *Blanch*.
And for mine ertor, here I am content
To do whatsoeuer *Zweno* shall set downe.
Ah cruell *Mariana* chus to vse
The man which loued and honoured thee with his heart.

Mariana. VVhen first I came into your hightesse courte,
And *William* often importing me of loue:
I did devise to easle the griece your daughter did sustain :
Shee should meeete Sir *William* masked as I it were.
This put in prooife, did take so good effect,
As yet it seemes his grace is not resolued,
But it was I which he conuiced away.

William. May this be true? It cannot be but true..
Was it Ladie *Blanch* which I conuiced away?

Unconstant Mariana,
Thus to deale with him which meant to thet sought but faich.

Blanch. Pardon deere father my follies that are past,
Wherein I haue neglected my dutie
Which I in reuerence ought to shew your grace,
For led by loue I thus haue gone astray,
And now repente the errors I was in.

Zweno. Stand vp deare daughter, thought thy fault deserves
For to be punishit in the extremest sort ;
Yet loue that couers multitude of sins:
Makes loue in parents winke at childreins faults.
Sufficeth *Blanch* thy father loues thee so,
Thy follies past he knowes, but will not know.
And here *Duke William* take my daughter to thy wifc.
For well I am assured shee loues thee well.

The Miller's daughter

William. A proper coniunction : as who should say,
Lately come out of the fire,
I would goe thrusst my selfe into the flame.
Let Maistres nice go Saie, it where shée list,
And coyly quaint it with dissembling face,
I hold in scorne the fooleries that they vse,
I being free will never subiect my selfe
To any such as shée is vnderneath the sunne.

Zweno. Refusest thou to take my daughter to thy wife?
I tell thee Duke, this rash deniall
May bring more mischiefe on thee then thou canst avoyd :

William. Conceit hath wrought such generall dislike,
Through the false dealing of Mariane,
That vterly I doe abhor their sex.
They are all disloyall, vncoustant, all vniust :
Who tries as I haue tried,
And findeas as I haue found,
Will say there's no such creatures on the ground.

Blanch. Vnconstant Knight, though some deserue no trust,
Thers others faithfull, louing, loyall, & iust.

Enter to them Valingford with Em and the Miller,
And Mouniney, and Mannile, and Elnor.

Will. How now L. Valingford, what makes these women here?
Valingf. Here be two women, may it please your grace,
That are contracted to one man,
And are in strife whether shall haue him to their husband.

William. Stand forth women and saie,
To whether of you did he first give his faith?

Em. To me forsooth.

Elnor. To me my gratiouse Lord.

William. Speake Mannile, to whether didst thou give thy faith?

Mannile. To saie the troth : this maide had first my loue.

Elnor. Yea Mannile, but there was no witnesse by.

Em. Thy conscience Mannile is a hundred witnesse.

Elnor.

of Manchester.

Elmer. Shee hath stolne a conscience to serue her owne turne:
But you are deceiued, yfaith he will none of you.

Manuile. Indeed, dread Lord, so deere I held her loue,
As in the same I put my whole delight.
But some impediments which at that instant hapned,
Made me forsake her quite,
For which I had her fathers franke consent.

William. What were the impediments?

Manuile. Why shee could neither heare nor see.

William. Now shee doth both. Mayden how were you cured?

Em. Pardon my Lord, Ile tell your gracie the troth,
Be it not imputed to me as discredit.

I loued this *Manuile* so much, that still me thought.

When he was absent did present to mee

The forme and feature of that countenance

Which I did shrine an Idol in my heart:

And neuer could I see a man me thought

That equald *Manuile* in my partiall eye.

Not wasthere any loue betweene vs lost,

But that I held the same in high regard,

Vntill repaire of some vnto our house,

Of whom my *Manuile* grew thus icalous:

As if he tooke exception I vouchsafed

To heare them speake, or saw them when they came:

On which I straight tooke order with my selfe

To voyde the scruple of his conscience,

By countersaiting that I neithet saw nor heard,

Any wayes to rid my hands of them.

All this I did to keepe my *Manuiles* loue,

Which he vnkindly seekes for to reward.

Manuile. And did my *Em* to keepe her faith with mee?

Dissemble that shee neither heard nor sawe.

Pardon me sweet *Em*, for I am onely thine.

Em. Lay off thy hands, disloyall as thou art,

Nor shalt thou haue possession of my loue,

That canst so finely shif thy matters off.

The Millers daughter

Put case I had been blind and could not see,
As often times such visitations falle.
That pleasereth God which all things doth dispose :
Shouldst thou forsake me in regard of that ?
I tell thee *Manuile*, hast thou been blinde,
Or deafe, or dumbe, or else what impediments
Might befall to man, *Em* would haue loued, and kept,
And honoured thee : yea, begg'd if wealth had fail'd
For thy releefe.

Manuile. Forgiue mee sweet *Em*.

Em. I do forgiue thee with my heart,
And will forget thee too if case I can :
But never speake so mee, nor seeme to know mee.

Manuile. Then fare well frost :

Well fare a wench that will.

Now *Elner*, I am thine owne my girl.

Elner. Mine *Manuile*? thou never shalt be mine.

I so detest thy villanie,
That whilst I live I will abhor thy company.

Manuile. Is it come to this? of late, I had choyce of twaine
On either side to haue me to her husband,
And now am vtterly rejected of them bothe.

Valingford. My Lord this gentleman whentime was
Stood some-thing in our light,
And now I thinke it not amisse
To laugh at him that sometime scorned at vs.

Mountney. Content my Lord, iduent the forme.

Valingford. Then thus.

William. I see that women are not generall euils,

Blanch is faire : Me thinkes I see in her,

A modest countenance, a heauenly blush.

Zweno, receiue a reconciled soc;

Not as thy friend, but as thy sonne in law,

If so that thou be thus content.

Zweno, I joy to see your grace so tractable.

Here take my daughter *Blanch*,

And

of Manchester.

And after my decease the Denmark Crowne?

William. Now sir, how stands the case with you?

Mannile. I partly am perswaded as your grace is,

My Lord, he is best at eate that medleth least.

Valingford. Sir, may a man be so bold

As to craue a word with you?

Mannile. Yea two or three: what are they?

Valingford. I say, this maid will haue thee to her husband.

Mount. And I say this: & thereof will I lay an hundred pound.

Valingf. And I say this: whereon I will lay as much.

Mannile. And I say neither: what say you to that?

Mountney. If that be true: then are we both deceiu'd.

Manuile. Why it is true, and you are both deceiu'd.

Marques. In mine eyes, this is the proprest wench.

Might I aduise thee, take her vnto thy wife.

Zweno. It seemes to me, shee hath refused him.

Marques. Why theres the spite.

Zweno. If one refuse him, yet may he haue the other.

Marques. He will aske but her good will, and all her friends.

Zweno. Might I aduise thee, let them both alone.

Mannile. Yea, that's the course, and thereon will I stand,
Such idle loue henceforth I will detest.

Valingford. The foxe will eat no grapes and why?

Mountney. I know full well, because they hang too hie.

William. And may it be a Millers daughter by her birth?

I cannot thinke but shee is better borne.

Valingford. Sir Thomas Goddard hight this reverent man,

Famed for his vertues and his good successe:

Whose fame hath been renoumed through the world.

William. Sir Thomas Goddard welcome to thy Prince,

And faire Em, frolike with thy good father.

As glad am I to find Sir Thomas Goddard.

As good Sir Edmund Treford on the plaines:

He like a shepherd, and theu our countrie Miller,

Miller. And longer let not Goddard liue a day,

Than he in loue his soueraigne.

The Millers daughter, &c.

William. But say Sir Thomas, shall I giue thy daughter ?

Miller. Goddard and all that he hath

Doth rest at the pleasure of your Maiestie.

William. And what sayes Em to louely *Valingford* ?

It seemd he loued you well,

That for your sake durst leaue his King.

Em. Em rests at the pleasure of your highnes :

And would I were a wife for his desert.

William. Then here Lord *Valingford*,

Receiue faire Em.

Here take her, make her thy espoused wife.

Then goe we in, that preparation may be made,

To see these nuptials solemnly performed.

Exeunt all. Sound drummes and Trumpets.

F I N I S.



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